

COLLEGE CHEER

VIII

1915-1916

College Cheer

Vol. 8

1915 1916



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COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost"

Vol. VIII.

St. Joseph's College, Sept. 22, 1915.

No. 1.

Retrospect and Prospect.

In the fall and winter 1912 and 13, the Gymnasium which for many years had housed the athletic and dramatic interests of St. Joe underwent extensive repairs and enlargement to keep up with the pace which her generals had set for the progress of the institution. Of course Athletics had to lay low for a while awaiting the completion of the work. When she would make a grander stride for the rest she had had. Hopes were about to be realized when one early morning in April of 1914 we awoke to the clang of alarm bells and beheld the Gym in flames. One glance showed us that our dreams and hopes had been in vain.

We did not fully realize at first what an effect this would have on athletics. Our entire interest was centered on the fire. But in the following months we had time enough to realize the significance of that morning's event.

But St. Joe is not to be downed by adversities. At once plans for a larger and grander building were begun. Today we enjoy the results of those general's—the Fathers of the Precious Blood—invincible courage and untiring energy, in one of the finest and best equipped gymnasiums in the country.

In the meantime however the struggle of athletics for anything like success had been beset by many difficulties. In the fire of 1913 every suit, every ball, bat and glove, every bit of Gymnasium apparatus was destroyed. But the way the A. A., under the faithful and valued guidance of its Rev. Director, weathered those difficulties speaks well for the foresight of the founders of the Association. We not only managed to keep above water but also came in for our share of the honors in the sports. And now with all the advantages we have at hand what will not be expected of us in the future.

Football is at the door and knocking hard for admittance. Ever since the days when McGurran and "Levi" Campaux and Mc Ardle raised dust on the gridiron and defended the colors of St. Joe against the strongest of comers, interest in this sport has not been quite of the best. But lately again, in the

past two years interest in the grand old sport has been reviving, and prospects for a good football season have for many years not been as good. Most of the stars of last year are still with us. There are quite a number of new students who claim to be old timers at the game, and the tryouts we hope will prove them better than they claim. We surely wish this year's team all the success possible; a good schedule and good football weather.

Variety Delights.

When we have had our fill of football, we will call in John Bruin from the gridiron and have him inflate the basketballs. Last year, you remember, we played the indoor sport under very great difficulties. We had to buy several sets of new suits and all the other required paraphernalia. There were times when the basket-ball hall resembled an indoor swimming pool. Nevertheless our standard was as good as any of previous years. This year we have without a doubt one of the best, if not the very best, basket-ball hall in the state.

When we look at the increasing number of falling leaves, it makes us sad to think of parting with baseball which will soon begin to hunt cover for the winter. Quite a few games have been played, at least enough to show us that the newcomers brought some very fine material with them, and the records they have made this fall will pull strong for them when vernal flowers and sunshine will turn our minds again to baseball. In fact we look forward to a very successful season next spring. And we have good reasons for our hopes. The Junior and Senior leagues of last years were marked successes—not saying anything about such stars as Goeckler, Falk, Koenig, Kuntz, Jacobs, Hermiller and Bill Deutch of the Federal Diamond. The glory of the Federal firmament has faded through the loss of that dazzling comet whose rise in baseball was as spectacular as his ascent into speed-track fame. The Senior league satellites too will, no doubt, miss the light of the "Moon."

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Published Semi-monthly by the Cheer Pub. Co

5c per copy. 75c per year. \$1.00 by mail.

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Editorials.

WITH this issue College Cheer again enters the lists against the legions of gloom and pessimism. The success she has gained in the past, in this warfare against the users of the hammer and black paint, has marked her their very able opponent. But were it not for the students with happy thoughts, humorous stories and ludicrous incidents to relate, who were generous enough to give to their fellow students, through the medium of the Cheer, the benefit of their sunshine wit, that little eulogy we just sang to the prowess of the Cheer were a monstrous lie, and I, a—the fellow that told it. Dear reader, then, who have a laugh bottled up within you, uncork and give it all the publicity possible in the columns of the Cheer.

Wholesome humor, you know, the kind that isn't afraid of advertisement, is a whole lot like old William Shakespeare's idea of Charity. "Charity" he says "is twice blessed; It blesses him that gives and him that takes" and the fellow that is big hearted enough to let the world laugh with him, isn't going to have the hardest kind of a job finding the silver linings of his clouds either. Get on the band wagon boys, and whenever you hear a good one, write it down quick or it might get lost, and hand it to one of the Cheer staff; a joke, humorous story or an incident, anything that is worth a laugh.

EDITOR.

COLLEGE CHEER bids hearty welcome to all new-comers and all old-timers who have chosen to make Collegeville their 1915-16 domicile. Old-timers are glad to be together again and their tales of the good times of the past are excelled only by their expectations for the future. Mr. Newcomer, every day of classroom and playground acquaintance will bring us all closer

together and unite us finally in one grand society of good fellowship.

But while we are talking of fun and good cheer, let us not forget the object of our short tarry here in this dear old St. Joe,—oh, yes, you, too, will learn to call it that—our studies. Take it from one who knows; you will not really enjoy life here unless you take all that is coming to you in the way of an education. And let this little thought percolate through your system. You can never learn enough to do too much good to your fellowman.

Politics.

The first Athletic Association meeting was held in the morning of September 12th. Elections were held which resulted as follows: Theo Fettig, Pres; Leo Beck, Sec; Godfrey Silverstein, Treas.

A new rule, not however enacted as a by-law, was inaugurated in this meeting. Only soft and clean shoes—preferably shoes for this purpose alone—are to be worn on the basket ball floor and in the apparatus room.

At last Sunday's meeting the Board of Appropriation was elected. The members constituting that body are as follows: John Bruin, Joseph Wonderly, Paul Barrett, Frank De Joco, Joe McLaughlin and Albert Deery.

LOCALS.

Kuntz: "Say, fellows, here's a stray shirt. Whose number is 137?"

Bruin: "What SIZE is it?"

An anonymous notice appeared on the bulletin board ordering all students with dark hair to come to room 23 in the infirmary.

Lause, "Hey Ted. are you going over to the infirmary?"

Ted: "No, but you'd better, you're Louse.

Miehles: "I've got some old socks here I'm going to send to the Belgians."

Schaffer: "What for, ammunition?"

Noah: "Where did Keller get that fish?"

McNulty: "He said he caught it in the Iroquois with a bent pin."

Noah: "I'll bet he didn't. There weren't any scratches on it."

McNulty: "I guess he must 'ave used a safety pin."

Anonymous.

I had always wanted to be a detective. From the time when first I trailed and captured, beneath the nursery table, the predaceous cat that had slyly stolen a piece of buttered bread which nurse had given me, even till yesterday a week ago, I had felt myself naturally gifted and was fully determined to spend my life protecting society against the men who prey on her life and property. You may imagine, then, my pleasure when, after I had been elected an officer of the Smoking Club—an officer of the law of that distinguished club I would have said—I was told that it was my duty to detect and report the crime they commonly call "Haling." Here surely was an opportunity, one for which from the days of my infancy I had eagerly longed, and I determined to let no means untried in order to suppress this evil among the inhabitants of Collegeville.

It happened one evening last week. I had just came from supper and was going to the infirmary with such an infernal toothache as I never in all my days to come hope to experience again. I was just mounting the steps of that haven of rest when I became aware of a number of persons passing on the walk behind me towards the south side grove. Now the south side grove is forbidden territory and being distant from the center of the village, is but poorly guarded. By that inborn instinct of the true detective, I turned, and, despite the throbbing pain in my first molar which was dulling my brain, sensed mischief. Hesitating at first on account of the ache which I was so anxious to have eliminated, I finally made up my mind to shadow these evildoers and, if possible, catch them red-handed.

Keeping at a distance of several yards behind them, I dodged along from tree to tree in order not to be seen by any of the gang. They headed up the path towards the grotto, and the thought flashed across my thumping brain, "Surely they will not seek the deep gloom and recess of that sacred place to hide their misdeed." I stumbled along through the grass and over fallen limbs after them, the pain in my tooth seeming to grow every moment more and more excruciating. But I held on.

To what limits will crime not drive men! They were entering the grotto! I detoured to one side and stealthily made my way around the rear and to the side of the stone pile which shelters the shrine. There I crouched low and waited.

The night was black—no moon and starless. The wind, which had risen with the coming of darkness, moaned dismally through the trees, setting their giant arms to swaying and driving phantom cloud-ships over their very tops. Truly a fit setting for the commission of crime! What was that I heard? I listened tensely, straining every muscle in my pain-racked body. It came again—the sound of some one striking a match—and then a faint glow from out of the cavernous depths, and with it the realization that I was unarmed. But I had come to capture, and capture I would, though with my naked hands. Now, I felt, was the time. Summoning all my strength, I sprang forward to the opening and there—I stopped dead in my tracks: the command my mind had formed died on my parted lips; my upraised hand fell limply to my side and I gasped. There before a statue of the Heavenly Queen two candles burned; seven boys knelt and instead of pipes and cigarettes I saw rosaries and heard the Ave Maria ascend from their pure and innocent lips.

I turned away, baffled, the perspiration starting from my forehead, and, fearful lest my foolish blunder should be discovered, I fairly flew as from some unseen pursuing danger, back to the infirmary, and there within the safety of its enclosing walls I swore that, talented or not, I would never make a successful detective and never would I breathe a word to anyone of that night's doings, and I won't.

COMMENT.

You need not try to discover who was the perpetrator of all this nonsense for your efforts will prove futile. He has sworn not to tell and he won't. But he will wonder whence we heard of it

 Cheer's Fashion Department.

Very nifty evening gown direct from Paris? Buttons down the back to waist—top button only to be used. It is at present very much in vogue in the Senior Dormitory.

"Silver" is very busy these days, but he finds time between rush hours to soothe his troubled spirit by means of the following little ditty:

Of all good words
A. A. members use,
The best are these:
"Here are my dues."

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